

11-1882

The Aurora 10.9

Iowa State Agricultural College

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THE AURORA.

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"SCIENCE WITH PRACTICE."

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## CLASS POEM.

E. A. McDONALD.

Songs of bard or poet's verses,  
Ne'er has been my part to write,  
And it is with sore misgiving  
That I don his garb to-night.

Thoughts of glory rise before me  
As I dream of lyric lore,  
But they rise to sink and vanish,  
Like the phantom on the shore.

If the task I've undertaken  
Seems for others better fit,  
And harsh critics say from science,  
Tuneful lines were never writ,

Know that not for fame or fortune  
Would my lazy muse incline,  
Round the thoughts that crowd my vision,  
Fancy's meshes to entwine,

But a sense of honest duty  
To the members of my class,  
Has awakened her from slumber  
And inspired her for the task.

Half in sorrow, half in gladness,  
Comes the thought that we ere long,  
Pass from out the roll of students  
Mingling with the busy throng.

Busy years we've spent and pleasant,  
Gathering sheaves of golden lore;  
Others glean but we are reapers  
In the field of learning's store.

Garnering the full rich harvest  
Where the corn is but the best,  
In our glorious *Alma Mater*  
The queen Mother of the west.

Search in vain o'er vale or mountain  
Over land or billowy main,  
For a pure Pierian fountain  
That a nobler rank can gain.

By the dint of fair endeavor  
Aided not by gild of name,  
But by worth and honest labor  
Climbing high the hill of fame.

From her lawn and grassy meadows  
Where the elm and maple grow,  
From the bridge beneath whose Archway  
Crystal waters ever flow,

From the woodlands that the Springtime  
Decks in robes of richest green,  
Where Hepatica and Dog-tooth  
Peep from out the verdant sheen,

From her noble laboratories  
Where appliances we find,  
To verify our knowledge  
And to fix it in our mind,

From her library and class rooms  
With professors stern and sage,  
From our sanctums where by gas light  
We have conned the listed page,

From Society and school mates,  
From the many friends we've sealed,  
By honest, fair endeavor  
Each other's rights to shield,

We will part with saddest feelings,  
And in fancy we will meet,  
And crowd again her corridors  
And familiar faces greet.

Out into life's tempestuous sea  
We soon our bark will guide,  
And some will with the current float,  
And some will stem the tide.

And every clime will be our lot,  
And every zone our home,  
And every nation on the earth  
Will be our place to roam.

Full many walks in life we'll choose,  
Full many avocations,  
And some will honest worth produce,  
While some will make sensations.

Our preacher holds a mighty throng,  
In wonderment and awe,  
Propounding with unflinching zeal  
The terrors of the law.

A vision fair I see, howe'er  
In fancy's contemplation,  
Of how we foil the tempter's coil  
And all escape damnation.

Our lawyer daft with subtle craft  
Has caught a witness lying;  
Our doctor, gaunt, as is his wont,  
Survives by others dying.

Historian and Noyelist  
Have learned the magic spell  
Of how the multitude to please,  
Their wondrous works to sell.

Our lecturer in crowded halls  
Enraptured thousands holds,  
The good, the true, the beautiful,  
In eloquence enfolds.

Our poet mild like Oscar Wilde  
The spirit has imbibed,  
And sings of knights and ladies fair  
Of every land and tribe.

Our orator and statesman bold  
Is filling all the land  
With eloquence of Cicero  
Against oppression's hand.

Our engineer has formed a plan  
Of wondrous complication,  
By which to fly athwart the sky  
Of every clime and nation.

Our pedagogue true to his part  
Has made a grand invention,  
By which to teach their A, B, C's,  
Too quick for us to mention.

Our fair domestic economist  
Has set us up a dinner,  
By far too utterly exquisite  
For taste of common sinner.

Our farmers, merchants, housewives, all,  
I lay well the part they're given,  
All striving for the prize at last  
A final rest in Heaven.

Away across the billows  
Of the storm-tossed ocean wide,  
Is the one to whom our college  
Owes more than all beside.

Under his noble guidance  
Her beacon star has shone,  
And risen higher and higher,  
And ever brighter grown.

From earliest days he's held her helm  
And guided her aright,  
Into the haven of success  
Through stormy days and bright.

When storms have raged around her bark,  
And waves ran mountain high,  
His watchful eye has seen the rocks  
And guided her safely by.

As never a pilot could have done  
In all our noble land,  
He has moulded her every virtue  
By his own strong right hand.

May God watch over our President  
And bring him safely home  
To serve our institution  
For many a year to come.

And to our five wise fathers  
All honor we ascribe;  
May right and prudence be their rule,  
Wisdom their only guide.

Under their faithful stewardship  
Her usefulness will grow,  
Until no college in the land  
A fairer fame shall know.

From out her walls shall come the wise  
The Ship of State to guide;  
Staunch industry, upon her hand,  
To nobler rank shall ride.

Science with all her garnered lore  
Life's problem soon will solve,  
And nature's every element  
Man's purposes evolve.

Then may our State support her well,  
And hinder not her power,  
By slack appropriations  
At this propitious hour.

I thank you for your patience now  
In listening to my rhyme,  
And hope that we may meet again  
At some not distant time.

With honor to our professors,  
Honor to whom 'tis due,  
We'll honor those who have labored  
So nobly for Eighty-two o.

## SOCIETY GRADUATES.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 4, the four literary societies of the institution held their joint session in the Chapel for the purpose of graduating their senior members. The exercises of the evening were entertaining and instructive. The programme was full and well occupied.

After invocation by Mr. Stryker, and music, Miss Helen Rice, a Cliolian Alumnus, delivered a pleasing and thoughtful address. Her speech was listened to with much attention. The style and mode of delivery were somewhat original. She seemed to be a champion advocate of women's rights, and she advised her Clio sisters to keep abreast with our progressive age. The next speaker was Mr. Frank Saylor, a Philomathean Alumnus. He compared the world to a great poem, the nations to its cantos, and the individuals as words making up the sentences. He showed how the spirit of the world was tending toward free institutions and republican principles. He was followed by the Alumnus of the Bachelor society, Mr. J. R. Whitaker, who gave a brief history of the four societies, and referred to several amusing incidents of the early college days. He made "special" comments on the Bachelor and Cliolian Societies. Mr. McHenry, a former Crescent graduate, delivered an eloquent address on general topics. We are always glad to see the smiling face of W. H. He has lately had considerable experience in public speaking, and we have reasons to believe that his work in the future will be crowned with success.

The main feature of the evening was the presentation of diplomas by the President of each society to its Senior members. These ceremonies were performed by Messrs. McHenry, Andrews, Burnham and Miss Reeve, Presidents of the Crescent, Bachelor, Philomathean, and Cliolian societies respectively. Responses from the class being made by Messrs. McKim, Peterson, Blaine, and Miss Neal.

The occasion may be regarded as the most interesting and successful graduating exercises which the Societies have ever held, "one which bespeaks progress," and the great work which they are doing for the

students and College. A larger number were graduated from the Societies than ever before, and it is notable that an equal number (six) were graduated from all the Societies. Greater good feeling never existed between the Societies than now, and it is to be hoped that without detriment to the spirit of emulation, this feeling may be preserved unimpaired in the future.

Our best wishes for success follow the graduates who have now completed their course and go out into broader fields of action. What the Societies lose in efficient and enthusiastic workers, the world will gain in strong and broad-minded men and women. May their work in the world prove as profitable and instructive as their labors in our Societies.

## CLASS DAY.

The Class of '82 was favored with a fine day for their "class day" exercises, and at two o'clock the large audience having assembled in the chapel, the class was ushered upon the stage by Miss Rice, of class '84. After invocation, by Prof. Wynn, and some excellent music, the President, Miss Hattie Perrett, in a few well chosen words, extended a welcome to all, closing with the following touching reference to Pres. Welch: "If we please you in any of our endeavors, or show in any way what good we may have ever done, or expect to do, we feel that we owe very much, nay, almost all, to our dear President, who though far away, we feel to be very near to us in thought. But no, it was not for us to have his ever kind and watchful presence during the last few months of our stay here, and we are to be sent out into the world without the kind sympathetic words of him who has done so much for us, of him to whom we shall ever look to with a deep gratitude, feeling that we owe to him a debt which we will never be able to fully repay. Though in distant lands he is doing a noble work for the country, our state, and our college; and we would pray for the success of his work, and for his safe return to the wife who loves him, the students who honor him and the college which so much needs him. "[Applause.]"

W. W. Wheeler delivered the salutatory, which was one of the best of his many su-

perior efforts while in our midst. The following extract will give some idea of the strength of his plea for a higher education. "I plead to-day for something higher, nobler, grander, infinitely more worthy of our admiration than the rivalry of sectarianism. I plead for those institutions which give to the sons and daughters of this United States, the fullest development of their intellectual powers; for an education, protecting not only the hearth and home of the individual, but of every home in our land; for an education that does not mold into the narrowness of some restricted channel, the mental growth of our country, but transcending the bigotry, strife and contentions of theological seminaries, stands paramount to the intrigues of society and stamps upon the nation's heart fidelity and patriotism, love and worship for our land and the God who gave it."

In his address to the trustees and faculty he paid the following well deserved tribute to Pres. Welch: He of our number who is absent, whose duties have called him to foreign lands and who for the first time since the opening of our college has been compelled to absent himself from its closing exercises, to him do we pay a loving tribute. His worth to state and student is inestimable; his executive ability without a parallel and in national instruction he has no equal. [Applause.] Therefore do we entreat the kindness of Providence to watch over him that he may again be safely landed upon our shores to assume his duties as President of our *alma mater*, firmly believing that in that capacity he stands without a peer. [Long and continued applause.]

Again the audience were treated to music after which Barney Marsh gave a history of, class '82. He spoke authoritatively on the subject of a mock trial of a "freshie" on the grave charge of having spasmodically closed his left optic in the presence of a senior lady; of how the bold, bad sophs, used to black the "freshies" faces, and from the way in which he referred to the "armfulls of fun" enjoyed at the old archway, we should judge Barney had "been there." He spoke feelingly of Billy's experience with a billy—goat one Halloween. Billy and a few others

paid a visit to neighboring stable to capture his goatship. As Billy climbed into the window billy stood on his hind legs, gave the grand hailing sign of distress and struck Billy a little to the south-west of where the base ball belt passes around the body. Billy repeated the third commandment and concluded he would try to stare that goat out of countenance, and so with "eyes set" he again approached, but in an unlucky moment he took his eyes from those of his goatship and turned half round when billy kicked Billy with his head at a point about one chain and seven links in a north-easterly direction from the small of the back. Billy now climbed upon a salt barrel and reflected that that goat must have had a battering ram or a sledge hammer for supper. He now thought only of making his escape, and with two hops and a jump he reached the window where *capra* planted a trip hammer blow into the seat of '82 and Billy finished his carel in goat capture by a parabolic curve, landing on the lawn about four furlongs in a forward direction. Barney seemed to know all about making taffy in the woods, and those "deliciously, delightful sessions where two makes a quorum." He also paid a warm tribute to the absent President to which the audience responded with hearty applause.

Mr. Summers was to have delivered an oration on "The Demand of the Time," but being indisposed, we were compelled to forego the pleasure of hearing again the orator of class '82.

After a finely rendered quartette, the class poem was read by E. A. McDonald. Although he has spent his time in scientific study, this poem proves him to be a poet of more ability than many who make greater pretensions than he does. The stanzas referring to the President were received with loud and continued applause.

Mr. C. F. Saylor delivered the oration on "Social Ethics." After a clear and accurate statement of the present demands of Socialists he says: "While comfort extracts its millions from the whirlpool fed by the sweat of industry, poverty struggles for the pittance of its daily want. Women drawn into the stru are dwarfed mentally and

physically, and consigned to a life of drudgery and toil; children deprived of the proper influences and schooled in the wickedness of the world, graduate at the jails and penitentiaries and become the felons of the land." Speaking of the future of socialism, he says: The great tendency of socialism is to drop old forms which have acted so long as stumbling blocks, such as atheism, free-love and religious creeds, and to champion the rights of men. \* \* \* \* As a

beneficial power it can never rise higher than its source; wielded by ignorance, its inevitable result is anarchy, controlled by intelligence, it will abandon the old ruts that have hampered it so long, and the problem of society will find a solution in the equation of the rights of men." The oration was one of Mr. Saylor's best and will so be remembered by those who have had the pleasure of listening to him before.

Again we were treated to music, this time a tenor solo. Mr. McKinley highly pleased his hearers in this effort.

Mr. John R. McKim read the class prophecy in which we were so much interested that our pencil forgot its duty and we can remember only a few of the situations of '82 20 years hence. Mr. Peterson is a minister of the gospel, Mr. Saylor is leader of his party in Congress. The Misses Perrett are missionaries to Persia, Lorbeer & Co. (Coe) are doing a good business in a western town, Miss Merrill is practicing Domestic Economy to the entire satisfaction of Mayor Wheeler, in a Dakota city.

Mr. Summers is a lawyer of national reputation and hard at work in the interest of his many clients. The class are all in good circumstances and are living as ornaments in the society in which they move.

The valedictory by Miss Nellie Merrill was one of her finest productions, and was listened to with the greatest pleasure by her many friends. One of her sentences has a two fold meaning, and at this time, is equally true in both. "The gate of fame is barred with gold and opens only to golden keys."

The music for the occasion was furnished by the Boone Quartette Club, consisting of Misses Eola Carpenter and Hattie Barrow,

Messrs. J. H. McKinley and F. D. Wells and Miss Maude Lowrie pianist, all of Boone. This part of the exercises was the finest to which the college has ever been treated, and was heartily received by the audience, notwithstanding the immense tide of applause that seemed ready to burst forth, only for President Welch. Mr. McKinley and Miss Carpenter are singers of rare talent, such as is hard to excel in the state.

The visitors present were at no loss to see how President Welch is regarded by the students, for every time his name was mentioned or alluded to, the spontaneous cheers which broke from all parts of the chapel proved that seniors and freshmen alike cherish his memory, and look forward with eagerness to the time when he will again occupy his old position. He has received many honors, has filled many responsible positions, but we think the proudest day of his life was when the senior class paid him their loving tributes on class day.

These exercises were regarded by many as the most interesting part of this most successful of the college commencements.

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## CLASS HISTORY.

J. B. MARSH.

'Twas the beginning of March, 1879, that a then nameless tribe individually resolved to gather at that great seat of learning, The Agricultural College. This resolution was prompted by a desire to become better acquainted with the great truths which were so mysteriously whispered to them, and whose better conception was to be the reward of mental application, the kindling of a new dawn in the realm of their intellectual lives.

Naturally, everything seemed strange to the then ardent Freshmen, and Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores were looked upon as individuals, whose wisdom was only excelled by the severity of their regards. Wonderful traditions were told the new comers of the tribes that had gathered, progressed and departed for other scenes of life. Paths and bridges, forests and archway were pointed out as objects of legendary interest. Along these paths had strayed those whose

college glory is now a thing of the past. This bridge, now the emblem of rapid dissolution, had been the scenes of much merry-making by other tribes. Beneath these trees the young brave of long ago, had whispered to the dark-eyed maiden at his side, of his hopes and aspirations in the after college life. And then the archway! Had they believed only a fraction of all that was told them, of the many meetings in its friendly shade, of the whole armfuls of fun which had been enjoyed there, the freshmen might indeed have been counted credulous.

Only a short time, however, was allotted for aimless thoughts and speculations wild. The point of sight was suddenly changed when entrance examinations began. What student can ever forget entrance examinations, the hopes and fears, until the candidate grows weary and sick at heart. The attitude of the older students adds not a little to increase one's uneasiness and their mysterious hints of the possible fate in store for those who may fail to pass, are not calculated to buoy the spirits of the would-be freshman. But 107 candidates proved themselves equal to the emergency of the occasion, and being enrolled as students of class '82 for them college life began in earnest.

Mock Council! What power of expression have these two words! What a climax in misplaced confidence. Who can admire enough or commend too highly the wisdom of the faculty in abolishing these trying ordeals? These outrages on freshman credulity. Everything combined to make circumstances favorable for holding these painfully interesting sessions. One in particular is worthy of mention. A victim had been selected, the judge chosen and a jury empaneled, numbering some of Iowa's most energetic young men. The trembling prisoner, innocent of aught, save a sense of his own unworthiness, was brought into court to answer to the grave charge of having spasmodically closed his left optic, while in the presence of a Senior lady. The witnesses being duly sworn testified to the veracity of the charge, and everything seemed to indicate the speedy conviction of the prisoner. But he wishing to demon-

strate his innocence requested the privilege of proving an alibi. The judge was dumb-founded, the jury stupefied, for alibi was a word entirely foreign to their vocabulary. Finally the judge not daring to refer to the Webster's Unabridged lying open on the table, having been used to administer the oath to the witnesses, was about to commit the prisoner for contempt of court, when the prosecuting attorney came to the rescue, stating that on no previous occasion had a prisoner dared to encroach upon the time of that court of justice to prove so trivial a thing as an alibi. Owing to the faulty records, the remainder of that trial has ever since remained a profound secret.

But the Sophomores little realized the spirit of those with whom they had to cope. Some of the Freshman boys, driven to desperation by the many unprovoked attacks of the Sophomores, determined to visit certain members of that class with speedy retribution. A favorable opportunity soon presented itself. One evening two Sophomores, who had always taken an active part in class warfare, were in a certain Freshman's room, trying to persuade him that the President wished his presence in the office. Several Freshmen stepped quietly in, closing the door behind them. They then very cordially invited their visitors from the lower regions to favor them with a song. The request of the Freshmen not being complied with, it was reiterated in the form of a demand. This had the desired effect, in as much as it brought forth the song. But, unfortunately for the singers, their audience was evidently unaccustomed to that particular kind of college meter, for they mistook their warblings for the beautiful tones of a fog-horn or for those of an automatic horse fiddle. They decided that their visitors would make a valuable addition to some traveling minstrel troupe and determined to change their complexions to harmonize with that calling. The blacking was brought forth and in the fraction of a second the hitherto alabaster brows of the noble Sophomores, were changed to a shade which might successfully rival that of an Ashantee chief.

This assault, maddened the Sophomores, and they determined to repay the audacious

assailants in their own coin, and two unwary Freshmen, who fell into their hands shortly after, were unceremoniously treated to blacking. Those were dark days in college history. A time when the friendly greeting was suddenly turned into the frightful war-whoop and often a dark-faced apparition would take the place of the unsuspecting student of a moment before. Disorder and confusion reigned supreme. At last the faculty demanded that terms of peace should be concluded thus closing the campaign.

School had been in session nearly a month and past trials were quite forgotten in the wrestlings with Algebra and Book-keeping. One evening it was announced in chapel that a meeting of the Sophmores was called. The grave faces of members of said class indicated that some matter of weighty importance was claiming their attention.—These suspicions were confirmed when we learned that the object of the meeting was to select a name for the Freshman class. Kickapoo was the one decided upon. What cared the class for the numerous cartoons, decorating the walls, adorned with horrible forms and hideous faces, they now had a name and held a rank among classes.

This was the last circumstance worthy of notice for some time. Spring gradually shaded into summer and as final examinations drew nigh the members of class '82 applied themselves more earnestly to their studies vacation was not far distant, but before it would come those last tests of scholarship, which were to prove the thoroughness of the term's work. The little lectures on mental application given by the professors and which were supplimented by the President's admonitions, had the desired effect, and the final tests of examination week were creditably passed.

Then came the last day of school bringing with it the usual number of strangers, who were nearly all alumni, and not a little amused at the kind offers of the Freshmen to show them over the building. That evening the Seniors and Juniors in their best clothes, the Sophmores who might easily have been taken for minute men, and the expectant Freshmen were gathered in the chapel for the grand finale of the term,

Junior Exhibition. A few of the Freshmen boys more daring than the rest of their classmates were fortunate enough to enjoy the company of ladies, while by far the larger number were seated in the back part of the room to furnish that important element in every entertainment of a similar nature. [Applause.]

And now vacation, the time so long anticipated had finally arrived. Nearly all the students departed for their respective homes, to astonish their relatives and friends with the vast amount of lore which they had acquired in so short a time. A few however remained at the college, and as they enjoyed almost unlimited freedom, to them the summer vacation passed pleasantly. Much might be written of their deeds during this time, of the literary sessions held in one of the society halls, of the miniature Fourth of July celebration in the chapel, with its numerous stump speeches and picnic dinner. And thus while the others were enjoying themselves at home, for those who stayed, time passed quickly and pleasantly away.

The opening of the fall term soon came, bringing with it nearly all the Kickapoos, who had for a season absented themselves. Their greetings told that the associations of the first term were held in kindly remembrance, and the duties of the new term were earnestly entered upon. New thoughts claimed their attention, and new lines of reasoning were opened. Almost unconsciously time passed away, and summer waned into autumn.

T'was near the close of the term that the class was called upon to part forever with two of its members. Death stole into its ranks and plucked from the fairest of its number. The first victim, Miss May Sabin, of Des Moines, who by her kind and pleasing disposition, had won the esteem of her teachers and class-mates, was suddenly stricken down by a terrible disease, and the Dark Angel claimed for other scenes one so eminently fitted to live. Scarcely had the class recovered from this blow when the fell destroyer again entered its ranks claiming for his victim, Mr. Bovaird, one of its most able and earnest workers. Memories of their lives seemed to us like haloes. A ray



of light in a dark place. Resignedly the class bowed in submission to that unknown power which "doeth all things well."

Commencement was now at hand. The time that marks the periods in college life. First came final examinations followed by Senior Class day, and graduating exercises.

How far away in the dim future seemed the time when class '82 should be called upon to perform like exercises. And yet one whole year of college life lay behind, and hopefully was the future looked forward to.

The "big supper" on the eve of departure was quite a magnificent affair, and happy faces were gathered around the tables. All seemed gay and witty, and when toasts were proposed many were the learned disquisitions on old college days and kindred subjects, until some of us were almost ready to believe many of the wonderful stories told of our predecessors, only a few months before.

That evening came the final parting, and with many wishes for each others enjoyment and success during the long vacation, and amid promises to write, the class disbanded for the winter.

The winter soon passed away—the first of March again came, summoning the students back to college life and duties. The new Sophomore class numbered 42, and some of these were not with the class during the previous year, Sophomore, how welcome that name after a year's study. What a thrill of delight and dignity it can awaken. 'Tis the critical period in college life, and withal perhaps the most profitable year in the whole course. The class entered upon its Sophomorical duties with fitting zeal. New fields of reasoning claimed thoughtful attention, and when the laws of gravity were discussed—the general make-up of molecules expounded, Sophomorphism was enhanced many fold. Then Botany, imparting lessons no other study can. Teaching how law and order are manifested in the growth and development of plants as well as in directing those forces which toy with worlds. With Botany comes the gathering of specimens, requiring so much time and labor. There was the direction to be chosen, the ground to be canvassed, after

which comes the preparing of the specimens. How strange that the places where the sweetest flowers were to blossom, and be gathered seem so often to have been decided upon before leaving the building, else chance was unusually propitious to the Sophomore botanists. The trees, were they gifted with speech might make wonderful revelations, but the secrets they will never betray lie hidden way down in the memories of the botanists, and are sometimes brought forth to mental vision. Remembrances of the neglected Botany can of the unlearned lessons for the morrow, and above all the blissful assurance that secure from the proctors ever watchful eye, the faculty never should know of those deliciously private sessions where two made a quorum.

Surveying claimed a good portion of the boys' time during this term and the methods of using the transit and chain were mastered by them. In the meantime the ladies receive instructions in the art of cooking. The practical value of this study was evidenced by the wonderful narratives of the visitors to that class, in which they described in glowing terms the aptness of the fair toilers to please the eye, and of the premonitions of the olfactories constantly whispering of the culinary attainments of the girls. While the savor of their productions was delicious beyond comparison.

Junior Exhibition again with its two programmes. One gotten up by the class—the other the product of some unknown genius. 'Tis marvelous where those extra copies were kept. Before the evening for the exercises, diligent search was made for them by the Juniors. Rooms were ransacked. Trunks broken open, but to no purpose. It took time to bring them to the light of the world. Yet whatever the programmes may have announced, the entertainment was a pronounced success. Seldom during college life is one privileged to enjoy so rare a treat. The audience listened with close attention throughout and voted the exercises a success. And then after the term's work came the three weeks vacation. None regretted when this short intermission ended, and the class once more gathered in the recitation room. For the students in the general

course, the studies were quite similar to those of the spring term, and but little time was lost in getting to work. In the mathematical and engineering courses, Botany gave place to Analytical Geometry, Mathematical reasonings were followed out, equations, hitherto apparently meaning less were found to represent lines and figures in space, and the nicety and exactness of mathematical demonstrations more thoroughly understood. Then there were the Entomological specimens to collect and, many an illfated bug was pursued, captured and remorselessly sacrificed. The ladies at first shocked at the idea of cruelly slaying a butterfly or assassinating a moth, soon educated themselves to witness with some degree of composure, the taking of a bug's life, and certain ones even went so far as to impale alive some harmless insects.

And thus the fall was passing rapidly away, State Fair came, and the college being interested, nearly two weeks of valuable time was lost. No! let us hope not quite lost, for the experience was surely worth something, and remembrances of the soldier's life while there will ever be cherished by some of the members of class '82.

Halloween! An enchanted spell reigns everywhere. 'Tis the night when dark and mysterious deeds are done. The time when Fairies and disembodied spirits hold high carnival. What, wonder then, that the night has been taken advantage of by fun loving students, and the night in question has been decided upon for the perpetration of an innocent joke. Could you have but glanced into two Sophomore rooms that evening, you would have seen the lights turned low, but no occupants, they had left and were hurrying away from the college. Their objective point was a small building, the property of one of the professors and situated some distance from the college. This building was the nightly lodgings of a goat. One of those self-possessed war-like fellows, who had a mind of his own—did his arguing right from the shoulder, and prefaced all his remarks with a butt. Arrived at the place, one of the boys was to stand guard while the other went in through the window to pass out his goatship. Groping around in the dark he was suddenly struck

by what to him appeared at first the pilot of a freight train. He had scarcely straightened when from the other side came a stunning blow, then again, and again until it seemed as though he were undergoing a siege from a fleet of battering rams, or being pommelled by a forty ton trip hammer. But he was true grit, and finally when the goat was making one of his onslaughts, he was captured and the victor had almost gotten him out of the window, when a noise like the approach of some one caused him to drop his prize, and scramble into the window. The goat anticipating his movements, no sooner saw him perched in the window than he came in for his final emphatic charge, and the unexpected acceleration sent his assailant far out through space describing the curve of a projectile. After completing his parabolic tour, and landing on this mundane sphere, the two boys took up their line of march for the college determined not to publish the minute particulars of that campaign.

But the time for examinations was again upon us, and reviewing the term's work occupied the larger share of the remaining days. Commencement exercises began, and hearing that the Juniors had decided not to ask the Seniors out for Baccalaureate the Sophomores decided to do so. The Juniors persuaded the Freshmen that it was their duty to take them on a similar expedition which the Freshmen did. After this came Commencement, followed by the banquet, and then class '82 again bade each other adieu for vacation.

Another winter has passed by on the wings of light and shadow, and brought its measure of joys and sorrows to all; and when "the rippling of the years" proclaims that March has again returned, we find only a portion of the Kickapoos back at college for the class roll is now reduced to twenty-seven. But the work of the term occupied so much time that few moments could be spent in vain regrets for absent ones. The new Juniors assumed with becoming dignity, the responsibilities devolving upon them, and without any unusual occurrence the class found itself upon the eve of its own Junior Exhibition, that Exhibition—we always use the superlative when referring to it.

But we must pass briefly over vacation and most of the fall term. There was one circumstance however we wish to notice, although owing to imperfect data it will necessarily be in a general way. One of the Junior tables decided to break the monotony by devoting a certain day, I fear it was Sunday, to the pleasant, if not lucrative business of taffy making. A place had been located in the woods, and thither they repaired equipped with the necessary articles.

The fire was lighted and hands that had not forgotten the cunning acquired while preparing a like delicacy over the gas jet, proportioned the essentials. All were happy and their jokes were brimfull of fun. The kettle soon boiled and presently their connoisseur pronounced the preparation ready for pulling. What fun! No need for apologies if clothes did get soiled, or hands tangled together. The taffy was at last ready and the company had but fairly begun to do it justice, when the crackling of dry branches was heard, and a tall form, only too well known, was seen moving in the underbrush, and evidently coming directly toward them. Not an instant was lost for they realized that the time for disappearing had indeed come. How they succeeded in concealing themselves, they never could tell. Stowed away behind trees they watched developments in breathless suspense. Harlow, for 'twas none other, had been attracted to the spot by the smoke, and finding there only the dying embers of the fire concluded he had stumbled upon the recently deserted camping place of some mover. Little did he dream that it was a few fugitive Kickapoos who had so lately bivouaced there. After he left they stole forth from their hiding places, held a council, and decided that it would be unsafe to return to the building at once, and not until long after the sun had sent his last slanting ray over the woodland and the shades of evening drew on, did they venture to leave the friendly shadow of the woods.

Commencement exercises came at last; and after listening to the learned discussions of the graduating class, we again found ourselves seated around the well spread tables. The usual toasts were given, responses made, and after the banquet, the

new Senior class separated for the winter.

A pleasant winter was spent by nearly every member of the class in the instructive, if not highly remunerative business of school teaching. When the first of March came again it seemed like going home to return to the college. Some were delayed, but by the time the class had gotten fairly under headway, twenty-five Seniors responded at roll call.

Of this our last year, now so soon to close, little need be said. We have tried as best we could to do our duty as students, and as the end draws near, hope assures that to him who wills success is more than possible.

One event that marks this year more than all others, was the departure of our much esteemed President, who for nearly four years had been the intellectual and moral advisor of class '82. The momento presented him on that occasion, but feebly expresses the respect, love and adoration of the class for the man who above all others will serve as the guiding star of their future lives. When life shall meet them with its stern array of experiences, so characteristic of a selfish world—his life—his far-reaching intellect, and his character, will inspire them to higher, nobler, and purer deeds. We can but pause here and say to those who will follow us, that four years will reveal to you a treasure in your executive, whom you should respect, and by your acts and record show that you appreciate his great, personal worth.

And now all is told. Four years,—how long in anticipation, how short in retrospect. Your historian has chronicled the events of that period. Will he be trespassing upon the prophets domain if he add that he can now almost see the members of class '82 reaping the benefits of their labors here—demonstrating the value of a practical education linked with determination of purpose?

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#### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The annual Commencement Exercises of the Institution, took place in the chapel, November 8, 1882. The day was warm and pleasant, quite unusual for this season, and the large and select audience of students and friends was a source of satisfaction to

the fine, large class of '82. The exercises were opened with an invocation by the Rev. Mr. Bennett, of Ames, who made especial petition for President Welch, who is now in Europe. Miss Florence Goode played "Bubbling Spring," with much effect and was followed by George W. Catt, of Crawford County, upon "Our Highways." "Roads and civilization go hand in hand. The roads of Iowa, are pre-eminently inferior, all other things being equal, roads are best when straight and level. Personal work by taxpayers should be done away with, being too expensive, too laborious and not half efficient. Roads should be built by a County Civil Engineer." Mr. Catt read in rather too oratorical a tone, but altogether with considerable effect.

Miss Lizzie Perrett, of Cerro Gordo County, followed with "Educational Qualifications for Suffrage." "The wealth of the Old World controls; wealth is rapidly increasing in America, and will be one of the questions of our times. Ignorance never made wholesome laws; let the sway it holds be put in the hands of education, which is the true qualification for suffrage. Women will soon be granted suffrage."

Miss Athearn favored the audience with an organ solo, which beautifully illustrated the sweetness of our new instrument and the skill of the player.

James Marsh, of Chickasaw County, read a paper upon "Civilization and Mechanics." "The progress of the world has been marked by its power to control and utilize the forces of nature." Mr. Marsh read in a clear, full voice and with enough deliberation to enforce what he had to say.

Nellie B. Merrill, of Floyd County, gave an excellent exposition upon the "Literature of the Age of Queen Anne." "England is the birth-place of modern literature. The surroundings of the literature of that age were peculiar. Addison and Swift gave a reflective spirit. Books came into general use. New paths were followed, novels came to be written in prosaic style. The natural and artificial schools of poetry spring up. The tendency is upward." Miss Merrill read with a remarkably pleasant emphasis and was listened to with

marked attention throughout.

E. A. McDonald, of Henry County, followed with a paper on "Tornadoes." One interesting feature of the exercise, was his presentation of the diagrams of the tornado of April 7, 1882, at Ames and of the one some later at Grinnell. "The pressure of such storms was estimated at 111 pounds per square foot; the lowest velocity at 204 miles per hour. Such storms are caused by a highly heated atmosphere and a higher and colder layer; one goes up at the same time the other comes down. Electricity is not the cause as many have thought. Tornado caves are the best places for safety and should be provided."

Miss Grace McMeekin won fresh laurels and warmer praise as a pianist by her rendering of "Capriccio brillante."

John R. McKim, of Crawford County, read upon "Electrical Transmission of Power." "This subject has attracted very much attention in the last twelve months. One-half of the expense can be saved by lighting streets and halls by electricity. This power can be obtained from wind and wave and waterfall. Before long Niagara will furnish an infinite amount of such power, which can be transmitted for hundreds of miles."

Kittie E. Reeves, of Bremer County, spoke of "The Microscope in Every Day Life." "The Microscope can be used every day. It reveals the nature and development of musts, rusts, moulds, etc. It reveals *bacteria*, the lowest form of life in air and water and our bodies. It is not improbable that all disease is due to them, the different forms causing different diseases." The paper was practical and plain and was read in an excellent manner.

David T. Stockman, of Keokuk County, read an interesting dissertation upon our "National Banks." They are safe and superior to all other banks. Their losses as compared with the losses of other banks, are only as one to seven and the business is many times larger. History shows that the masses never know when they have enough volume of money. The best money is that which is issued under governmental control and still keeps individuals interested. "The objections against National Banks were

carefull reviewed and explained, the whole paper showed much study and thorough knowledge of the subject under consideration.

Dr. Kegley and Miss Goode sang a duett, "I Live and Love Thee" in excellent style.

Henry J. Gabel, of Scott County, upon 'Heredity.' Mr. Gabel reviewed the laws and incidents of heredity, giving an abundance of proof to show that its laws were operative and plain to understand. We regret that we were unable to gather the cream of this paper, as it was perhaps the closest written and best prepared one of the occasion.

Mary Helen Coe of Cedar County, read upon "The New Science," a careful exposition of the nature and principles of domestic economy. "Our homes are not vastly ahead of those of ages ago. The reasons can be easily shown:—(1) There is no real division of labor; (2) our women are too weak and are unfit for strong work; (3) housekeepers have too limited a knowledge of the nature of foods, etc.; (4) our cooks are not students, which state of things will continue till public opinion makes it more respectable for young women to be cooks." Miss Coe then made an earnest plea to her sisters to strive to reach higher plains. She referred to the course of study of our institution as including studies in the field of the New Science.

The closing song, a double quartette, was well rendered and received, after which came the presentation of diplomas and the conferring of degrees. This was done by acting President Bessey in a quiet, pleasant manner, and class '82 was from that time numbered among the *alumni* of the college. The incoming Senior class was addressed by President Wright, of the Board of Trustees, and a response made in behalf of the class by George Caven. Mr. Caven made a very happy speech, plain, forcible, and feeling, doing credit to himself and to his class. Congratulations followed the benediction, until at three o'clock the gong sounded and the annual banquet was served in the dining hall. This occasion was one long to be remembered and spoke in praise of the management of Prof. Knapp and his assistants. Numerous toasts were given and responded to and the afternoon passed off pleasantly. Good-byes were then said, and the year 1882 was closed with much regret by students and faculty, but with a determination not to forget the pleasant friendships so firmly fixed in the midst of care and study.

## EDITORIAL.

WITH this, the last issue of THE AURORA, until the opening of another college year, the present editorial staff step aside and gladly welcome the incoming editors. With confidence in the literary societies of the college we leave THE AURORA, which should be their exponent, in the hands of those whom the societies have called to the different chairs. At the beginning of the year we undertook the work with something of mingled fear and hope. We feared we could not please the readers of the paper in every respect, and hoped that we could succeed at least reasonably well. The work has been of such a nature that we have received no small amount of benefit from it, while at the same time we have derived some pleasure. We join in wishing our successors all possible success. THE AURORA occupies a prominent position among college journals, and yet we believe there can changes be made for the better. We leave the work asking those who follow us to make every effort to make the paper a perfect success. This is certainly all that is necessary as far as our new staff is concerned. But let us add a few words and call the attention of the students and alumni to the fact that the paper can be only a financial success or failure in so far as it is or is not supported by them. College journalism is assuming proportions that, to say the least, are worthy of mention, and THE AURORA must do all it can to further so important an element in college life.

THE new Boarding Hall that last summer was often talked about is now in the form of a large and roomy building, conveniently and pleasantly located on the college grounds. With it the college can accommodate a much larger number of students than it has been able to heretofore. The prospects are that it will be full and indeed we hope it may, for we know no place where so broad and liberal an education can be gained through hard, earnest study, by spending so little money. The people claim they have long felt in need of just such an institution. They now have it. Its doors are thrown

open to all who desire to be and to know, and who are willing to obey rules and regulations that are only rigid enough for good, wholesome discipline. As the Institution is now ready for them, let us do what we can to bring its work before the people, that they may avail themselves of its advantages.

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THERE was much excitement during the last few days of the College year owing to the fact that the students were anticipating changes in the departments that to say the least were far from being desirable to them. The manner in which they received the official statement, from the Chairman of the Board, Mr. Wright, that no changes were contemplated, and that the Trustees were in sympathy with the President and Faculty, told in language no one can misunderstand how heartily the students approve of the manner of management of the various departments in the College. The students had been led to believe that several of those officers eminently fitted for their positions, and who had been with the Institution when it was much younger in years, and as a result of their own labors have seen it grow into a great national school of science; that they were going to be removed from their positions. Is it any wonder that, knowing the Professors as we do, appreciating their work as every honest student should, such news created a feeling akin to indignation. Thinking that we would soon have those who were laboring so earnestly for us, and for whom we had only the highest appreciation, and warmest affection it seems to us that the excitement though marked was less than could have been expected by those well acquainted with students and the earnestness, by them when they think almost as a single unit. We have but to mention the name of President Welch and the great number of students who know him and have become acquainted with his college work, will point with feelings of just pride to the man who as an executive, as an organizer, as an educator has no equal in the west. But we

may be asked did not the Institution move along smoothly during the President's absence? In reply we will say we are glad to say it did. We are proud to know that when the prominent students in all the upper classes make a promise, voluntarily, to use their influence to keep every thing quiet and orderly during the absence of their President, they can carry successfully their course of study and bear their promise in mind. We believe that in the quiet orderly manner in which every thing was done during the last term of our College year President Welch received the highest compliment his students could pay him. As to Prof. Wynn and Gen. Geddes; you have but to ask one student to get the statements of all. They certainly represent departments in the college that it cannot well do without. As representatives of those departments they control the confidence of the students to a far greater degree than their proposed successors ever could hope for. In fact Prof. Wynn and the General are men identified with the rapid growth and development of the College. They are both men in whom the students recognize unquestioned ability and perfect fitness for their own departments; both men for whom we have the warmest love, and in whom the students always find counselors and friends. As students of the I. A. C., we could not hear of the changes reported, or of any part of them, without recognizing in them a move detrimental to the College; a change that would effect, not for the better, the institution that is the mother of the education of many of Iowa's most enterprising young men and women.

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The Faculty list for this month shows some changes as made at the Annual meeting of the Board of Trustees. Students and friends of the college will learn with deep regret of the removal of Gen. Geddes. He is an old and faithful servant of the institution, has filled in the most efficient manner the offices of Vice-President, Professor, Treasurer and Steward and has held the highest place in the esteem and confidence of students and all who know him.

## LOCALS.

—Come!

—Coming,—

—No Levee this year.

—We'll dance at the Opera House at Ames, this year, love.

—The autographic days have come, the saddest of the year.

—That class-book, so long lost, has been found, to the great relief of those interested.

—People that steal turnips, are apt to "turn up" in the President's office some day.

—"Acquit yourselves like men; be strong," is the President's advice for final examinations.

—The Bachelors very tastefully decorated their hall in honor of their last literary session for '82.

—More than one young gentleman would like to try the Porter trade. It is such a Slow'n easy business.

—North Hall and the Green house seemed to receive about an equal share of attention the week before the contest.

—If only the faculty would petition the rest of the comets and things to continue making their appearance in the morning i might work quite a reformation.

—Here's a secret, so don't tell anybody. Prof. Stalker just keeps the nicest things in that new secretary of his. If you don't believe it, give him a call some evening.

—That gentleman who caused the turnip patch to be sown right in full view of the Botanical Laboratory, never read the petition, "Lead us not into temptation."

—Didn't that saucy Junior deserve swift retribution, when he walked up to the librarian and demurely inquired, "Have you seen Jim?" "No; Jim who?" "Why, *Gymnasium* out here."

—Among the notables present at the commencement exercises were Ex-Governors Carpenter, Kirkwood and Gue, who all panegyrized to some extent upon our State Institution.

—Why does one of our cottage friend so enjoy watching the trains in the evening? Because he likes to look at the "*Sparks*."

—The lecturer Saturday evening on Future Politics, dwelt a little too long on past politics to retain the interest of his audience.

—The Junior who got Ricardo's "Law of Rent" and the "Law of Induced Currents" confused, will doubtless be marked on the "Law of Diminished Returns."

—One Junior lady thinks that if she ever concludes to join any religious society, the creed of the *Methodist Episcopal* is more nearly suited to her tastes.

—Since the Seniors were unjustly ruled out of the contest, they were obliged to be content with developing the latent talent of the younger members of the family.

He took his book into the class,  
Gravity tore it from his hold.

The Prof. looked round the other way;

The Junior looked quite sold.

—A most stirring address was given to the students, one Sabbath, by Rev. Mr. Wallace, editor of the Winterset Chronicle. Earnest, kindly words of counsel, such as his can not fail to make an impression.

—The freshman quartette made very enjoyable music, but the Seniors certainly eclipsed them the night of "Senior sessions." They fairly made the old college walls ring with "Golden Slippers," "Bingo" and other classical productions.

—Some of our freshman (?) ladies became infused with a great desire to look dignified, one Sunday, and knew of no better way of accomplishing their object than to do their hair up *a la mode*. The effect was striking to say the least.

—If Prof. Couch would inform himself as to the time of our commencement he could feel most sure in predicting the weather for that week. Never yet in the annals of our college has commencement week passed without a storm of some kind; and this year will not prove an exception; for already there appears to be a super-abundance of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere and its precipitation is just slow enough to insure a continuation to the last day.

—And that night blooming *cactus* refused to bloom, when it was expected to of course. But it is very wrong to prevaricate about things and send deluded school-mates down into the dark, empty chapel all for nothing.

—We would suggest that the performers on that turning pole, form into a corporation and employ a surgeon to look after the wounded. Even the gardener might be willing to contribute for such a purpose, although he doesn't "take any stock" in turning poles.

—She wore the sad and dejected look all day. The music of her lingual organ had ceased to reverberate in the college halls as it was wont to do. The true cause of her troubles was not ascertained until that evening when the Seniors were graduated from the societies.—Billy sat on the rostrum.

—That bell must certainly be attended to. It couldn't be satisfied with waking one up an hour before the time, and must atone for its misdeeds by sounding the note for retiring about nine o'clock in the evening. Of course, the string reaching from some window in the upper story to the bell-house had nothing to do with the latter phenomenon.

With brains all weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
The student sits a cramming,  
When he long should be in bed.  
'Tis cram, cram, cram,  
For the morrow's coming exam.  
He studies but is so sleepy  
He fears he will not pass,  
So he saddles up his pony,  
And rides it into class.

—We do not wish to say anything to the discredit of the Faculty, but would simply mention as an item of interest, that the important body attended enmass the Baccalaureate sermon, delivered by Prof. Wynn. Whether it was a general voluntary act or one of constraint we are unable to say. It is generally believed to be a case of necessity.

#### BEFORE THE BANQUET.

The tables groan with turkeys,  
The student, hungry, groans;

#### AFTER THE BANQUET.

The student groans with turkey,  
And the tables with the bones.

—Ex. Gov. Kirkwood has been appointed to fill the vacancy in the Board of Trustees, caused by the resignation of C. W. Tenney. The old War Governor is the right man in the right place as he has creditably held that position before. His popularity among the students and the high esteem in which he is held was manifested by the rounds of applause he received upon his appearance before them Tuesday evening.

—Every body enjoys a joke; but when it is carried so far as to involve the destruction of property, or to do any injury and injustice to any one, it loses its force as a joke, and works only to the discredit of those engaged in it. Such a case occurred at the college on Halloween which still fresh in the minds of the students, need not here be mentioned. It is the popular opinion that none of the students were connected with it.

—It was a singular coincidence that there were just six members from each of the four societies graduated on the night of the 4th, a circumstance that has never before occurred since the societies have graduated their members. Consequently no one society could boast of graduating a larger number than any other. The Clios, the smallest society in numbers, that night was as large as any. At least they felt as "big."

—Another college year has closed and with it another class of twenty-six has been sent out into a cold and friendless world. What will they do? While they have been children of the college, many of them have been under the immediate care of the Faculty, or some student of the opposite sex. But now they are thrown upon their own responsibilities, far from their *Alma Mater* with no one to guide their footsteps along the path to——some secluded evergreens. We can only wish all success in the future which awaits them.

Yes, our small world's acts and sayings,  
Wise or foolish, grave or gay.  
For this year are now recorded,  
We must sing the final lay.  
Silly, are they? Well, perhaps so;  
Yet the simplest of them may  
In some world-worn heart hereafter  
Mem'ries bring of dear to-day.



## PERSONALS.

G. W. Wattles and wife were present at the Commencement exercises.

Mr. Goode, local editor of the *State Leader*, paid his sister Florence a short visit lately.

Hon. Mr. Coffin, of Fort Dodge, spoke before the Christian Association on Sunday evening.

Miss Jennie Horning paid her many friends at the College a visit during Commencement week.

Misses Kittie Catt and Josie Smith returned to attend the Commencement exercises.

Mr. McKim received a visit from his father, mother and sister, towards the close of the term.

Messrs. McElroy and Wicks, who are teaching near Des Moines, came up to attend the Contest.

Mr. Larrabee showed his smiling face long enough to say "How do you do" to old friends and then was off again.

Later news from Miss Sinclair inform us that she will not be able to return this term; Mrs. Welch continues to fill her position.

We were pleased to grasp the hands of J. F. Saylor for the second time this year. He represented the Philos at the Joint Session.

D. T. Stockman informs us that the prospects for his election as Recorder in his county are quite flattering. He has been absent about a week entertaining his constituents.

Mr. Williams was called home on a sad errand near the close of the term namely, the very serious illness of his sister, which finally resulted in her death. He returned in time for the final examinations.

The students were agreeably surprised to see the smiling face of Georgia White once again at the college. She returned home after the Joint Session.—And here comes another of 83's lost ones back again, after an absence of a year in the person of C. D. Young. He was accompanied by his mother.

Mr. Alexander's many friends and classmates were rejoiced to see him in their midst again, looking as *Young*, well, and natural as in the days when he was a jolly Junior. He remained until after Commencement.

Misses Florence and Etta McDonald, E. A's. sisters, and Master Clarence Waugh were guests at Prof. Stantons' during Commencement week.

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## ALUMNI.

'77. J. W. Doxsee and W. A. Helsell attended the Oratorical Contest at the College on the night of the 27th ult. Business would not permit an of extended visit.

'77. R. F. Jordon and wife of Boone attended the Joint Session on the evening of the 4th.

'74 J. R. Whitaker of Boone delivered the address before the Bachelor Society on the graduation of its members.

'81 W. H. McHenry made the students glad by his presence on the evening of the Joint Session. He delivered the address before the Crescent Society.

'78. Ellen Rice delivered the address before the Clio. Society. And if the Clios did feel a little vain that night we can excuse them on the grounds that they had a just cause for such feelings. We all congratulate them upon the possession of such an able alumnus to represent their society.

'80. George E. Reed broke in upon the stillness at the college on the 4th, and remained until the close of the term.

The AURORA received the following a short time ago:

Away down here in Yankee land, among the granite quarries of southern Rhode Island, working for C. B. Cottrell & Co. on printing presses. Please forward my AURORA to Westerly, Rhode Island, and oblige,  
 WILLIS WHITED.

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—The term is drawing rapidly to a close and the seniors, cognizant of the fact, are devoting both night and day to social.—Is it not so, W—?



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# THE AURORA.

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IOWA STATE

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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MARCH, 1883.

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